Being Natures liuery, or Fortunes ſtarre,
His Vertues els be they as pure as grace,
As infinit as man may vndergoe,
Shall in the generall cenſure take corruption
From that particular fault : the dram of eaſe
Doth all the noble ſubſtance of a doubt
To his owne ſcandall,

Enter Ghoſt.

Hora. Looke my Lord it comes.

Ham. Angels and Miniſters of grace defend vs!
Be thou a ſpirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from heauen, or blaſts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape,
That I will ſpeake to thee, Ile call thee *Hamlet*,
King, father, royall Dane, ò anſwere mee,
Let mee not burſt in ignorance, but tell
Why thy Canoniz'd bones hearſed in death
Haue burſt their cerements ? why the Sepulcher,
Wherein wee ſaw thee quietly interr'd
Hath op't his ponderous and marble iawes,
To caſt thee vp againe? what may this meane
That thou dead corſe, againe in compleat ſteele
Reuiſites thus the glimſes of the Moone,
Making night hideous, and wee fooles of nature
So horridly to ſhake our diſpoſition
With thoughtes beyond the reaches of our ſoules,
Say why is this, wherefore, what ſhould wee doe? *Beckons.*

Hora. It beckons you to goe away with it
As if it ſome impartment did deſire
To you alone.

Mar. Looke with what curteous action
It waues you to a more remooued ground,
But doe not goe with it.

Hora. No, by no meanes.

Ham. It will not ſpeake, then I will follow it.

Hora. Doe not my Lord.

Ham. Why? what ſhould bee the feare,
I doe not ſet my life at a pinnes fee,

And for my ſoule, what can it doe
Being a thing immortall as it ſelfe;
It waues me forth againe, Ile follo
Hora. What if it tempt you to
Or to the dreadfull ſommet of the
That bettels ore his baſe into the
And there aſſume ſome other hor
Which might depriue your ſouera
And draw you into madneſſe, thin
The very place puts toyes of deſpe
Without more motiue, into euery
That lookes ſo many fadoms to t
And heares it rore beneath.
Ham. It waues me ſtill,
Goe on, Ile follow thee.
Mar. You ſhall not goe my L
Ham. Hold of your hands.
Hora. Be rul'd, you ſhall not go
Ham. My fate cries out
And makes each petty artyre in th
As hardy as the Nemean Lyons n
Still am I cald, vnhand me Gentle
By heauen Ile make a Ghoſt of hi
I ſay away, goe one, Ile follow the
Hor. He waxes deſperate with
Mar. Lets follow, tis not fit
Hora. Haue after, to what iſſu
Mar. Something is rotten in t
Hora. Heauen will direct it.
Mar. Nay lets follow him.

Enter Ghoſt and H

Ham. Whether wilt thou lead
Ghoſt. Marke me.
Ham. I will.
Ghoſt. My houre is almoſt com
When I to ſulphrous and tormen
Muſt render vp my ſelfe.
Ham. Alaſſe poore Ghoſt,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet* (STC 22277) LONDON, 1611 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e. 13)